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AUTHORITY
CLIVE BARKER'S
THE HARROWERS™
RAIDERS OF THE ABYSS
TWO HARROWERS ALONE...
...AGAINST THE HORDES OF CHAOS!
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CLIVE BARKER'S THE HARROWERS RAIDERS OF THE ABYSS

THE DEVIL'S PAWN

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LEVIATHAN'S MAUSOLEUM. THE ACCESS CORRIDOR TO EVERY TORTURED SOUL IN HELL.
UP TILL NOW, THE PERFECT PLACE FOR THE HARROWERS TO BEGIN A RIOT.
NOT ANY LONGER.
NEW ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION HAVE BEEN SET INTO MOTION.
CONSTRUCTED OF METAL AND BONE, THEY PATROL THE GREAT HALL-- MANGLING WHATEVER LIES IN THEIR PATH.
MASTER, THE LIBRARIAN BALBERITH SENDS ME TO REPORT ON THE TESTING OF THE HARROWER WEAPON.
THE INCANTATION INSCRIBED ON THE BLADE IS UNPRONOUNCEABLE TO EVEN HELL'S FINEST LINGUISTS. SHE SUSPECTS THAT ONLY THE VOICE OF A HARROWER CAN ACTIVATE THE SWORD'S POWERS.
AFTER A HUNDRED AND FOUR HOURS OF STUDY, THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO REPORT? HOW UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU.
RAPTURE
DEVIL'S PAWN

WHY FOR ME, SIRE? I AM BUT A MESSENGER FROM BALBERITH.
WHO, BY ELECTING YOU TO BE THE BEARER OF BAD NEWS, CLEARLY FINDS YOU EXPENDABLE!
AND WHAT PERFECT TIMING! I'M IN NEED OF A TEST SUBJECT FOR ONE OF MY NEW MACHINES.
FEEL FREE TO SCREAM-- ALL PART OF THE FUN.
PLEASE, MASTER, I'VE DEDICATED MY LIFE TO LEVIATHAN!

THEN LET'S DEDICATE YOUR DEATH TO ME!
CRUSH AND MAIM,
KRAWHHHK
GLOOR AND PIERCE--
--I'VE CREATED SOMETHING FIERCE.
DID YOU HEAR ALL OF THAT, EARS? YOUR BROTHER REMAINS MY ONLY HOPE OF ACTIVATING THE SWORD'S POWER.
HE WILL NOT FAIL YOU, SIRE. OUR TALENTS ARE MOST DEPENDABLE.
SPLAT
THE VOICE FROM THE SHRIVELED CENOBITICAL FORM DUPLICATES THE DARK LORD'S TONE AND INFLECTIONS PERFECTLY.

I FIND NO PLEASURE IN THE SOUND OF MY OWN VOICE— HAVE YOU NO SPEECH PATTERN OF YOUR OWN?
NONE, O GREATNESS. WE CANNOT BE SELECTIVE IN OUR MIMICRY.
THE LAST VOICE WE HEAR BECOMES OUR OWN, UNTIL A NEW ONE REPLACES IT.
AND THE ELIMINATION OF YOUR OTHER SENSES, SIGHT AND SMELL— THIS HAS IMPROVED YOUR TALENTS?
NOW WE WAIT.
GREATLY.

UP ABOVE, IN THE LOWER MANHATTAN HIDEOUT OF THE MANHUNTERS, A PRIZE FOUND IN A CEREAL BOX IS CAUSING QUITE A STIR.
FIND YOUR OWN KEY, VERA. YOU DON'T EVEN LIKE NUTTY NUGGETS.
COME ON, LET ME GO WITH YOU, GAGE.
WE'LL BE A TEAM AGAIN!
MOMENTS LATER, THESE RAIDERS OF THE ABYSS DESCEND INTO HELL'S DOMAIN.
VERA, MAYBE WE SHOULD COME BACK ANOTHER TIME.
SEE, GAGE, I'M AN EXPERT IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS. WHAT WE HAVE TO DO IS...
...RUN!
RRRRUMBLE

THE THING'S ON AUTO-PILOT! WE JUST HAVE TO STAY FAR ENOUGH AHEAD AND WE'LL BE OKAY.
THERE'S THE VAULT THE KEY'S FOR, UP THERE!
WANNA GET ON MY SHOULDERS, VERA?
BBRRRRRUUUM
GLAD I'M NOT WEARING A DRESS. ALMOST GOT IT, HOLD STILL NOW.
YEEOOW ZINC! THAT HURT-- WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?
MEEOWW
THE KEY! PUT ME DOWN, I DROPPED THE KEY!
RATS! SOMETHING'S DRIVING THEM ALL THIS WAY!
SQUEEEEEEEEAAALL
THEY'RE COMING FROM ALL SIDES!
KLIK

SO THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE RUNNING FROM! PUT ME DOWN!
WE'RE TRAPPED!
KRRR
WHUMBLE
CHHHUMP
TOO LATE TO FIND THE KEY-- DO SOMETHING, GAGE!
NOWHERE TO GO--
NOWHERE, BUT HERE.
GAGE TAKES HIS AX TO THE DOOR OF A LARGE VAULT THAT STANDS ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TWO ONCOMING DEATH-TANKS.
NICE GOING, GAGE!
THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
THE BLADE CUTS THROUGH LIKE BUTTER, AND PERHAPS, TOO EASILY GAGE BREAKS ONE OF THE CARDINAL RULES OF THE GODDESS-- NEVER ENTER THE CELL OF A SOUL THAT HAS NOT BEEN CHOSEN FOR REDEMPTION.
BABY IT'S DARK IN HERE!

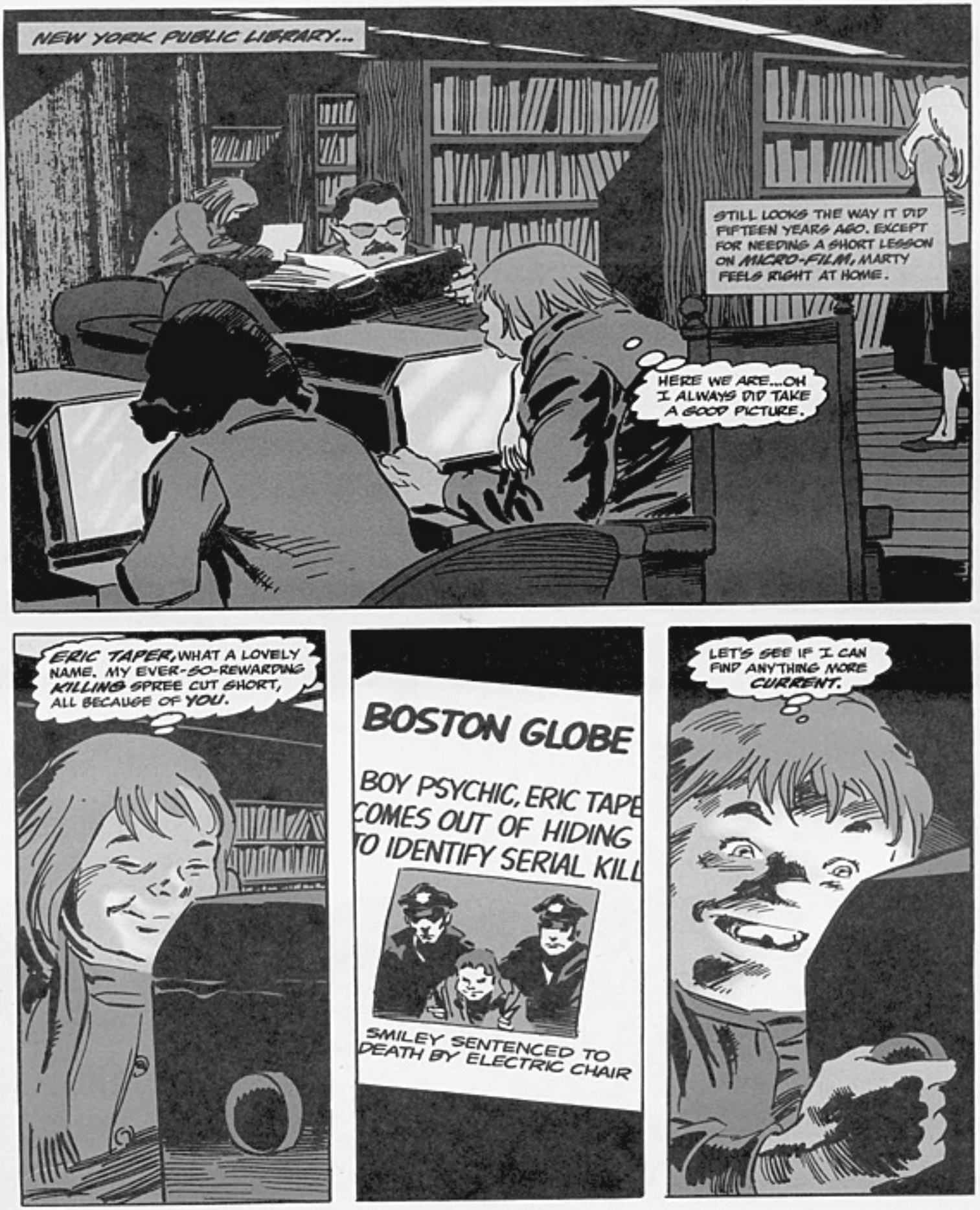
OUTSIDE THE VAULT, THE TWO MACHINES COLLIDE, THE IMPACT BUFFERED BY THE BURSTING BODIES OF COUNTLESS RATS.
SSSKKKRRRUNNCHH
THE CRASH BRINGS DARKNESS TO THE HARROWERS' NEW SURROUNDINGS.
VERA, SOMETHING SHINY JUST MOVED BACK THERE.
I DON'T SEE NOTHING--AND I ONLY GOT ONE MATCH.
ANYBODY IN HERE MESSES WITH US IS DEAD MEAT!
FFFFT
GAGE--THEM MACHINES IS HEADIN' BACK THE WAY THEY CAME.
GOODNESS! NEVER SEEN SUCH A BLOODY MESS.
HURRY UP, VERA--I DON'T LIKE IT IN HERE.
WAIT--PLEASE TAKE ME WITH YOU.

YOU AREN'T CENOBITES, ARE YOU?
WHOEVER YOU ARE, HAVE PITY ON ME, I'VE BEEN ALONE IN THIS DARKNESS FOR I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG.
VERA AND GAGE DISCUSS THEIR OPTIONS -- TRY TO FIND THE LOST KEY AND RESCUE THE SOUL THEY WERE SENT FOR--
--GO BACK EMPTY-HANDED--
--OR PRETEND THAT TOMAS IS THE MAN THEY WERE SENT FOR, AND TAKE HIM BACK INSTEAD.
HE LOOKS SO HARMLESS, IT'S AN EASY CHOICE.
THANK YOU. THANK YOU. THANK YOU.
A HIGH FREQUENCY SOUND EMITS FROM THE BACK OF THE WHEELCHAIR.
ONLY ZINC HEARS THE STRANGE WHISTLE.
MEEOOW!
MY PRINCE--THE BAIT HAS BEEN TAKEN.
OF COURSE.
HOW COULD MY GALLANT HORROWERS REFUSE TO AID A HELPLESS CRIPPLE?
IN A PLACE THAT'S NEITHER EARTH, NOR HELL, THE GODDESS MORTE MEANWHILE QUESTIONS VERA AND GAGE ON THEIR CHOICE.
THIS IS THE SOUL I SENT YOU TO RESCUE? THIS IS THE MAN FROM VAULT 35292220030O2?
VERA LOOKS AT HER FEET AND REMAINS SILENT. BUT GAGE HAS NEVER BEEN CONCERNED WITH TELLING THE OCCASIONAL LIE-LONG AS IT DOESN'T HURT ANYBODY.

HE'S THE ONE, I SWEAR.
THEN BRING HIM TO ME--ACROSS THE CHASM OF JUDGMENT.
MAY YOUR TRUTH-FULNESS STEEL YOUR BALANCE.
SOMETIMES GAGE LIES WITH SUCH CONVICTION, HE CONVINCES HIMSELF IT'S TRUE.
A LIABILITY--BUT ONE WHICH, AT THE MOMENT, SAVES HIS LIFE.
HIS SURE FOOTSTEPS ACROSS THE FRAGILE VINES CAUSE NOT THE SLIGHTEST TREMOR.
WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS: THE HOUSE OF ERIC AND LISA TAPER.
NNOOOO!
HOW... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?
WHAT IS IT, ERIC?
SMILEY'S BACK. HE'S BACK AND HE'S GONNA START KILLING AGAIN.
CALM DOWN HONEY, IT WAS JUST A BAD DREAM.
NO IT WASN'T. NOT THIS TIME.
HE'S IN A CITY SOMEWHERE, LOOKING OUT A WINDOW--THINKING OF HOW TO FIND ME...
... AND KILL ME.

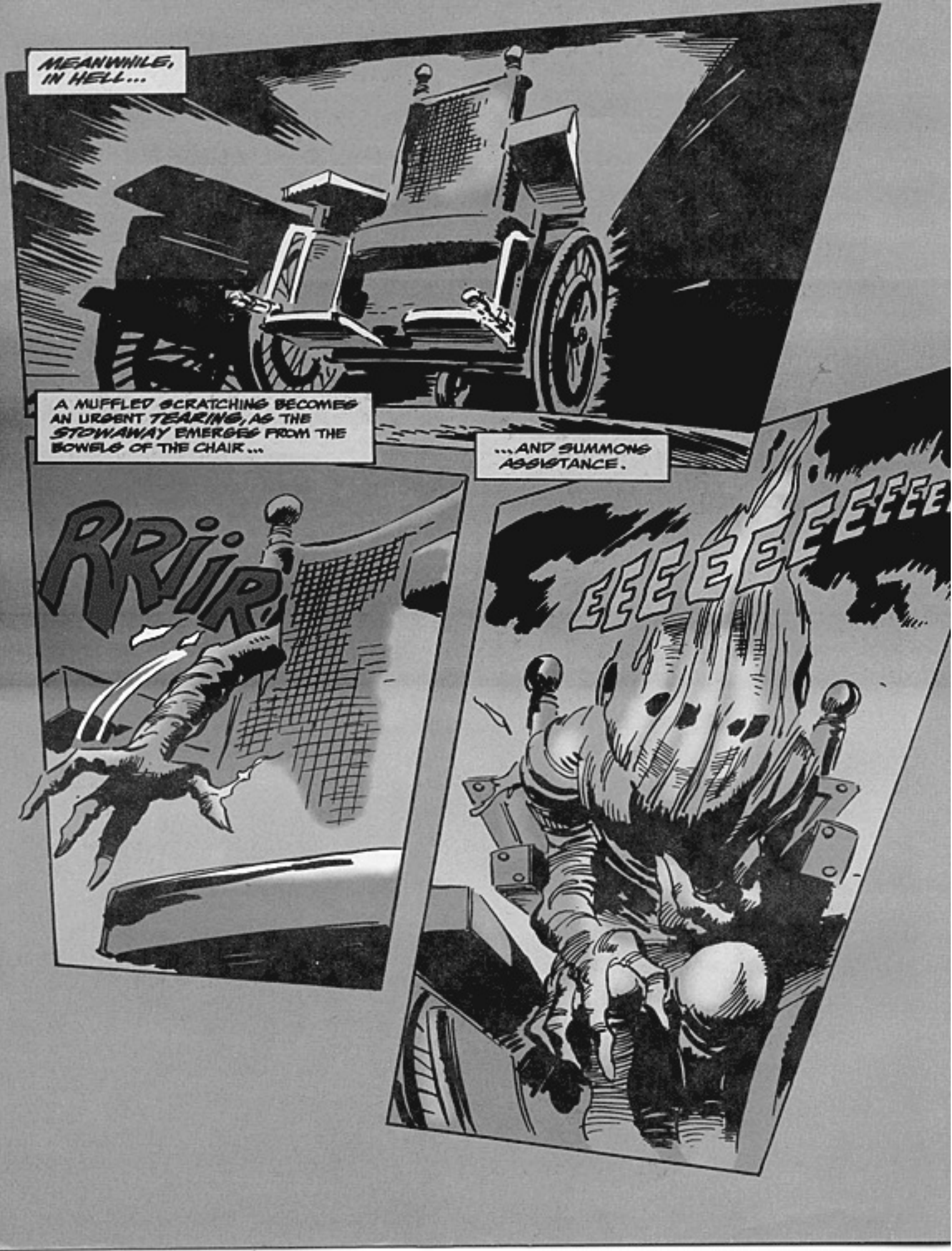
IT'S MORNING AT THE HARROWERS HIDEOUT. MARTIN HEULER IS BEGINNING HIS FINAL TWELVE HOURS AS HIS FORMER SELF BEFORE THE SEED OF TRANSFORMATION WITHIN, CHANGES HIM FOREVER.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW EXCITING IT IS TO BE BACK HERE, WITH SO MUCH ENERGY AND LIFE ALL AROUND.
ONE FULL DAY, SPENT HOWEVER I PLEASE, AND I KNOW JUST WHERE I WANT TO GO FIRST.
WHERE'S THAT MARTY?
WELL, BEFORE I BECAME TRAPPED IN HELL, I WAS QUITE THE FOLLOWER OF CURRENT EVENTS.
YOU THINK ONE OF YOU MIGHT HELP ME TO A LIBRARY, SO I CAN CATCH UP ON WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IN THE WORLD?
I'LL TAKE YA. HAVEN'T BEEN IN ONE OF THOSE SINCE I WAS TEN! THERE'S THAT BIG ONE NEAR GRAND CENTRAL, RIGHT?
ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN HELP WITH?
STILL DON'T FEEL RIGHT 'BOUT SAVING THE WRONG SOUL. BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, MAKE SURE NOTHIN' GOES WRONG...
WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT... THIS WHEELCHAIR, IT WAS PROVIDED TO ME BY THE CENOBITES AND, WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT IT.
I DON'T WANT IT NEAR ME ANY MORE, BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT SOMETHING I CAN JUST THROW AWAY.
SO HOW 'BOUT WE SEND IT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM--YOU KNOW: RETURN TO SENDER.
LUCE AND I CAN RENT YOU A PROPER WHEELCHAIR WHILE YOU AND VERA ARE AT THE LIBRARY.
HHHHISSSS
SCRATCH
LOOK--ZINC DON'T LIKE YOUR WHEELCHAIR EITHER!

POLICE DEPARTMENT--WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS...
RIGHT THEN, I'LL UH, HAVE THE BOYS KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR HIM. THANKS FOR COMING BY, ERIC. NICE TO HAVE MET YOU MRS. TAPER...
WAIT, AREN'T YOU PUTTING US UNDER POLICE PROTECTION?
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, DO YOU?
YOU'RE ASKING ME TO OPEN A CASE THAT GOT CLOSED FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.
CHIEF OF POLICE A.HARRISON
CLOSED?! HE ESCAPED FROM PRISON! WHY IS IT CLOSED?
BECAUSE NOBODY'S EVER ESCAPED FROM THAT DEATH-ROW. MARTIN HEULER WAS MURDERED BY OTHER INMATES, THEN BURIED SOMEWHERE ON THE GROUNDS OF SAN QUENTIN.
HAPPENS ALL THE TIME WITH SERIAL KILLERS.
SO NO, I'M NOT GOING TO BE PROTECTING YOU FROM A DEAD MAN.
GOOD-DAY!
SLAM!


NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY...
STILL LOOKS THE WAY IT DID FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. EXCEPT FOR NEEDING A SHORT LESSON ON MICRO-FILM, MARTY FEELS RIGHT AT HOME.
HERE WE ARE...OH I ALWAYS DID TAKE A GOOD PICTURE.
ERIC TAPER, WHAT A LOVELY NAME. MY EVER-SO-REWARDING KILLING SPREE CUT SHORT, ALL BECAUSE OF YOU.
BOSTON GLOBE
BOY PSYCHIC, ERIC TAPE COMES OUT OF HIDING TO IDENTIFY SERIAL KILL
SMILEY SENTENCED TO DEATH BY ELECTRIC CHAIR
LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIND ANYTHING MORE CURRENT.

1992
VISIONS OF MADNESS
FIRST PAINTING EXHIBIT
ERIC TAPER LIVES IN WOBURN MASS.
SUCH A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN--
IC TAPER
N WOBURN
NOW THAT I'VE FULFILLED MY OBLIGATION TO PINHEAD, I CAN COMPLETE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS WITH YOU, ERIC.
TO QUOTE FRANCES BACON: "REVENGE IS A DISH BEST EATEN COLD."
CATCH UR ON EVERYTHING?
WHAT-- SHAME ON YOU, VERA. YOU SCARED ME.
HMMM--FOR A MAN WHO CAN'T WALK, YOU SURE CAN JUMP!

THIS WHEEL CHAIR HAS B.O.!
WE RENTED THIS JUST FOR ONE DAY. DIDN'T THINK IT VERY LIKELY THAT HE'D BE REBORN AND STILL UNABLE TO WALK.
UNLESS OF COURSE HE BECOMES A DOORMAT OR SOMETHING. IN WHICH CASE HE WOULDN'T NEED TO GET AROUND.
BE QUIET LUCE--THAT'S RUDE.
GERONIMO!
THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE--MY SON WAS JUST A BOY WHEN I WAS... TAKEN. ALL I KNOW IS WHAT TOWN HE LIVES IN, AND I'M AFRAID HE'S GOT AN UNLISTED PHONE NUMBER.
I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE REUNITED WITH HIM ONCE MORE BEFORE MY CHANGE!
I GOT A FRIEND THAT WORKS AT THE PHONE COMPANY--NOTHIN'S UNLISTED FOR HER!


MEANWHILE, IN HELL...
A MUFFLED SCRATCHING BECOMES AN URGENT TEARING, AS THE STOWAWAY EMERGES FROM THE BOWELS OF THE CHAIR...
RRiR
...AND SUMMONS ASSISTANCE.
EEEEEEEEEE

BACK IN THE DARK LORD'S CHAMBER...
MASTER, MY BROTHER HAS RETURNED. HE HAS IMPRINTED WHAT YOU NEED.
INDEED. SUMMON THE RETRIEVAL TEAM.
YES, MOST OF HIS WORK IS HERE IN HIS STUDIO. OH, I'M SURE HE'D BE HONORED...IT'S 335 FLATLY ROAD...
PENN STATION, NYC
TRAIN TICKETS
GOT IT. HAVE HIM PULL OUT HIS LARGER CANVASES. MY GALLERY'S SO BIG THAT SMALLER WORKS GET SWALLOWED UP.
ERIC--AN ART DEALER IS INTERESTED IN HANGING YOUR PICTURES IN HIS SPRING SHOW--HE'S COMING BY THIS AFTERNOON!
GREAT--BRING HIM BACK WHEN HE GETS HERE.
IT WASN'T A DREAM, HONEY. THE VISIONS ARE COMING STRONG NOW. SMILEY'S ABOUT TO KILL AGAIN. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THE VICTIM LOOKS LIKE, AND HOW IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN...

...I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP IT.
BACK AT PENN STATION...
..VERA'S BUYING THE TICKETS, GAGE HAS GONE TO THE RESTROOM...
...AND MARTY'S GOT A LITTLE SPARE TIME ON HIS HANDS...
NEW

SO THAT PHONE NUMBER WAS THE RIGHT ONE ? YOU TALKED TO YOUR SON ?
YES--HE'S VERY EXCITED TO SEE ME. YOU'RE SURE TAKING ME TO SEE HIM ISN'T TOO MUCH TROUBLE ?
NAH--I TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF. I USED TO BE A GOOD FOR NOTHIN'...
...:NOW IT GIVES ME A RUSH WHEN I HELP SOMEBODY.
WELL, I CERTAINLY APPRECIATE IT.
I WONDER VERA, WILL IT GIVE YOU A RUSH WHEN YOU DISCOVER YOU'VE HELPED ME TO MURDER AN INNOCENT MAN ?

HE'S HEARD NO ONE SPEAK SINCE HIS RETURN?
NO SIRE, NOT A SOUND BEFORE THE CANISTER WAS SEALED.
THEN TAKE HIS BROTHER WITH YOU AND LEAVE US ALONE.
PINHEAD DRAGS THE SIGHTLESS CREATURE'S HAND ACROSS A QUESTION POSED IN BRAILLE.
HE RESPONDS, HIS TONE AND INFLECTION IDENTICAL TO RON RINGWOOD'S.
YES, UNHOLY ONE. I HEARD THE INCANTATION AND CAN REPEAT IT EXACTLY AS SPOKEN.
BUT I FEAR I SHALL HEAR ANOTHER SPEAK, AND LOSE MY ABILITY TO IMITATE A HARROWER.
AN UNFOUNDED FEAR, LITTLE PARROT. THIS WILL ENSURE RON RINGWOOD'S VOICE IS THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER HEAR.
I ENVY THE CALM AND ORDER YOU'LL FEEL IN YOUR SIGHTLESS, ODORLESS, AND SOON TO BE NOISELESS WORLD.
NOW I CAN USE THE HARROWER SWORD TO OPEN A PORTAL TO EARTH WHENEVER I PLEASE. MORTE MAMME -- YOUR END IS AT HAND, I CAN FEEL IT!
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH IN THE FINAL CHAPTER OF THE DEVIL'S PAWN!

BLOOD BROTHERS
MANHATTAN: LOWER EAST SIDE-- A BLACK-MARKET OPERATING ROOM IN ALPHABET CITY.
HERE DISBARRED PLASTIC SURGEONS RESHAPE THE FACES OF CRIMINALS AND CHEMICALLY SMUDGE INCRIMINATING FINGERPRINTS FROM THOSE SEEKING ESCAPE FROM THEIR PAST.
IT HAD BEEN TWO HOURS SINCE DUBLIN ARRIVED, CARRYING HIS BROTHER IN HIS ARMS.
YOU BELIEVE THIS STUFF I'M PULLING OUT OF GUY WAS A WALKING HARD-WARE STORE!
PHHEUW. I DON'T WANNA KNOW WHAT THAT IS.
RRRRRP
RYAN DESERVED BETTER, BUT GIVEN THE SITUATION, WHERE COULD THEY GO?
A HOSPITAL WOULD HAVE NEEDED AN EXPLANATION; AND WHAT WOULD HE HAVE TOLD THEM, HE'D JUST RESCUED HIS BROTHER FROM HELL? THAT RYAN WAS HALF-WAY TO BECOMING A CENOBITE, AND FOLLOWERS OF LEVIATHAN HAD USED NAILS, STRIPS OF METAL AND BARBED WIRE TO PULL AND RECONFIGURE HIS FLESH?

DUBLIN HOPED HE WAS DOING THE RIGHT THING.
WHAT HAD HAPPENED COULDN'T HAVE BEEN COINCIDENCE.
AS TWINS THEIR LIVES HAD ALWAYS BEEN, SYNCHRONISTICALLY CONNECTED. SO IT SEEMED ONLY FITTING THAT THE MOMENT HIS BROTHER RYAN HAD SOLVED A PUZZLE-BOX AND GOTTEN DRAGGED INTO HELL, DUBLIN SHOULD BECOME A HARROWER, ONE OF THE SIX PEOPLE IN THE WORLD WHO COULD RESCUE HIM.
HIS MIND WANDERS BACK TO HIS CHILDHOOD, WHEN HAVING A TWIN MEANT NEVER BEING WITHOUT A BEST FRIEND.
THE TIME HE'D GOTTEN PUSHED IN AT THE LOCAL WATERING HOLE, AND COULDN'T SWIM--RYAN HAD BEEN RIGHT THERE TO PULL HIM OUT.

EVERY SPECIAL MOMENT IN THEIR LIVES HAD BEEN SHARED ONES.
IN COLLEGE, RYAN JOINED THE FOOTBALL TEAM, AND BECAME CLASS PRESIDENT SO THAT BOTH OF THEM COULD BE IN THE BEST FRAT HOUSE AND DATE THE PRETTIEST GIRLS.
ALL THEIR LIVES HE'D BEEN THE WEAKER TWIN, AND RYAN THE ONE TO SAVE THE DAY...

...BUT NOW IT WAS PAY-BACK TIME--HIS TURN TO PLAY HERO--AND HE WAS GOING TO DO IT ON HIS OWN.
THAT'S WHY HE HADN'T TOLD THE OTHERS--AND WHY HE HADN'T BROUGHT HIS BROTHER TO MORTE MAMME. ANYWAY, NO TELLING WHAT THE GODDESS WOULD HAVE TRANSFORMED HIM INTO.
A HARSH NASAL VOICE PULLS HIM BACK TO A GRIMY REALITY.
TIME TO PAY UP, MORSE. HE WAS A LOT WORSE OFF THAN YOU SAID HE'D BE. DON'T COME LOOKIN' FOR ANY MONEY BACK IF HE DIES.
YOU KNOW, ONE GOOD THING--IF NOTHIN' ELSE...
WHAT'S THAT?
AT LEAST NOW HE WON'T SET OFF THE METAL DETECTORS AT THE AIRPORT.
A HOTEL IN HARLEM. FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK, OR SEVEN BUCKS AND HOUR.
HOTEL
RYAN DESERVES BETTER.

I KNOW, IT'S A DUMP. BUT IT'S JUST FOR A FEW DAYS.
I'VE GOT PLANS FOR US, BRO. REMEMBER UNCLE JOEY? HE DIED LAST YEAR AND LEFT ME HIS CABIN IN MAINE. SOON AS YOU GET WELL ENOUGH TO TRAVEL WE'LL HEAD UP THERE.
22
WHISKEY? MAYBE WHEN YOU GET A LITTLE BETTER, HUH? RIGHT NOW WHAT YOU NEED IS REST.
HOW 'BOUT GETTING US A BOTTLE OF JACK?
COME ON, JUST A SIP. I WANNA TOAST US BEING TOGETHER AGAIN.
"I WANNA TOAST MY BRAVE TWIN FOR SAVING MY BEHIND."
I'D SAY A COUPLE ASPIRIN, BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'D HELP.
WHAT THE HECK, I SURE COULD USE A DRINK--BE RIGHT BACK. NEED ANY-THING ELSE?

IN THE BAG.
HE'D SEEN DUBLIN PUT IT THERE.
IT LOOKS LIKE AN ENORMOUS CYST. HE CAN STILL FEEL THE DULL ACHE AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL WHERE IT USED TO BE.
INTO A GLASS OF WATER. IT SWELLS AND GAINS MASS, EXPANDING LIKE A NEW SPONGE.
SSSHHHHWWWMPPP
Ahhhh, THE PUZZLE-BOX.
NEVER LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT.

OKAY BRO--GOT US A COUPLE OF SHOT GLASSES-- WHAT THE...?
NO RYAN, DON'T!
WHY NOT? I FIGURED, LONG AS WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE FAMILY GET TOGETHER...
...MIGHT AS WELL INCLUDE DAD.
SNAP
SSSSH
HMMM
SUDDENLY DUBLIN CAN'T BREATHE. BEFORE HIM STANDS THE GENERAL, ONE OF HELL'S COMMANDERS. HE'S SEEN HIM TWICE BEFORE, BUT ONLY FROM BEHIND.
HELLO, SON.
BUT NOW, THERE'S NO DENYING THAT BENEATH THE CENOBITICAL SPIKE PROTRUDING FROM THE GENERAL'S FOREHEAD, IS THE FACE OF HIS FATHER!
CLOSE THE BOX, RYAN. IT'S NOT TOO LATE!
NOW THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, BRO. IT WAS TOO LATE AGES AGO.

DUBLIN'S TRAINING AS A HARROWER INSTINCTIVELY TAKES OVER, AS HE VANISHES FROM SIGHT.
WE KNOW YOU'RE STILL THERE. COME WITH US, DUBLIN.
RYAN, LISTEN TO ME. THAT THING'S NOT OUR FATHER ANYMORE. IT'S ME, YOUR TWIN TALKING. TRUST ME!
NO DUBLIN, IT'S YOU WHO'S GOTTA TRUST ME.
THAT'S IT, I'M OUTTA HERE.
DUBLIN, WAIT, LISTEN TO YOUR BROTHER. THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD HEAR.
I'M HEMORRHAGING DUBLIN, THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP THE BLEEDING FROM WHERE THE BOX WAS IMPLANTED. IF I STAY, I'LL DIE--AND IT WILL BE YOUR FAULT.
NO, DON'T SAY THAT. IF YOU DIE, A PART OF ME...
...WILL DIE TOO. I KNOW.
ADMIT IT, YOUR LIFE'S BEEN EMPTY SINCE I'VE BEEN GONE, HASN'T IT? COME WITH ME, MY TWIN, WHERE WE CAN BOTH LIVE, TOGETHER, FOREVER.

IT WAS MY TURN, MY TURN TO BE THE HERO!
AND YOU STILL CAN BE. THEY'RE WAITING FOR US NOW, AND THEY HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT PLANNED FOR YOU AND ME.
WE'RE GONNA BE THE TOAST OF HELL!
I'M PROUD OF YOU, MY SONS.
THE TRANSFORMATION CHAMBER AWAITS. AT LAST YOU'LL FULFILL YOUR DESTINY, AS THE FINAL KEY ELEMENT FOR THE DOWN-FALL OF MORTE MAMME!

THEY HAD TOLD THE TRUTH. A WHOLE TEAM OF CENOBITES HAD BEEN WAITING TO PERFORM THE OPERATION.
ONCE AGAIN, HELL DELIVERS ALL THAT'S PROMISED...
...AND MORE.
WHEREVER WE GO...
WHATEVER WE DO...
WE'RE GONNA GO THROUGH IT... TOGETHER!
FIND OUT NEXT MONTH HOW PINHEAD USES DUBLIN IN HIS NEW FORM TO BRING DOWN THE GODDESS!